

The Daughter of David Kerr

By HARRY KING TOOTLE

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter from following in his footsteps. He is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. The fear of the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper, Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him with the franchise. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears that an intrigue is being hatched, having met previously on a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the reforming of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria takes up settlement work. Kerr and his henchmen decide to buy the reform paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish. The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria, who is a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him. Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. She is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. Sound of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's. Gloria finds Wright unconscious, a victim of an attempted assassination. She hides him in Ella's room and defies the thugs.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.
Ryan recognized that the time for action had come. On his side he had the overwhelming brute force which would enable him to do as he pleased. Kelly had turned to look into the closet when he was stopped by Gloria's outburst. What Ryan had said had reminded her of her own power.

"Stand where you are, my infamous thugs! Must I tell you the truth to be obeyed? If you are above the law, I am higher still. Mike Noonan could have told you who I am. You speak of your boss, then learn the truth."

"What yer givin' us?" jeered Ryan as he advanced toward the place where Wright lay hidden.

"Stand back," she cried. "I am Gloria Kerr."

The two men looked at each other in astonishment, and Little Ella sat bolt upright in bed.

"The boss?"

"Daughter," Gloria finished Ryan's exclamation. "I am the daughter of David Kerr. Now go."

Something in her bearing made them feel that she was telling the truth. Kelly, timid now and apologetic, was the first to speak.

"Well, we didn't know you was—why didn't you say—"

"I guess we'll go see Noonan," was Ryan's method of beating a retreat.

"He can't get away, anyway," Kelly whispered to him.

Gloria breathed a sigh of relief as they turned to go, but in an instant the shrill scream from Ella, which brought the men back to the center of the room from her hip.

"The boss' daughter!" It was a witch's screech ending in a peal of unearthly laughter.

Gloria sank into a chair gasping. "What have I said?"

She felt the curse upon her.

"Come back, Turkey, come back," shrielled Little Ella, laughing wildly.

"The boss' daughter! The boss' daughter!"

Her thin hands plucked at the coverlid, and her blazing eyes were fixed upon Gloria, who had shrunk into a weak lump in her chair. Only a few

moments had passed since all had admitted that Little Ella dominated the situation. That fact she recognized as readily as did the others. Now she determined to make use of her power. Gloria herself had aroused the savagery of the woman by having inflamed her against the boss, not knowing that the creature's rage was directed against her own father.

Everlastingly stimulated to an unaccustomed mental acuteness by the thoughts of her wrongs as Gloria had lain there, all the cruelty of the woman's nature asserted itself. Revenge with her was sweetness long drawn out. It was the dainty morsel over which the gourmet lingers. It was the tantalizing antics of the cat that glows over the mouse beneath its paw, and even lets it run a little way to arouse the wild hope that it may yet escape. Having decided upon the ultimate disclosure of Wright's hiding place, Little Ella was now bent most of all on making the daughter of the boss suffer to the limit.

"What's the matter, Ella?" Ryan asked.

"Let them go, I say. Please let them go," Gloria implored.

"You want them to go, do you? Ha! Ha! The boss' daughter! The boss' daughter!"

The last words she uttered in piercing tones horrible to hear as she swayed back and forth, keeping time with her body to the cadence of her cry.

Gloria tried to gather herself together to meet this new attack, but without much success. She felt so weak from the shock that she was only able to rise from her chair with difficulty.

"You're out of your head. You're mad. Keep still, I tell you." The men still standing irresolute, she turned upon them. "Why are you standing there? Leave this room."

Little Ella was enjoying herself hugely. Gloria's early pleading tone was music in her ears. Her eyes burned with excitement. Yet the cruel cat delayed to crush the mouse. Its quivering was too soul-satisfying. Realizing that if she admitted Gloria was the daughter of David Kerr the men would forego their pursuit of Wright, Little Ella knew her best course was to deny the relationship.

"Don't you go, Turkey," she yelled. "I'll tell you the truth." She turned to Gloria. "I wish the boss had a daughter. Did it?—It's a lie, Turkey. She's not Dave Kerr's girl. He'd laugh to see a daughter of his in such a hell-hole. I'd watch her to see that she paid the price," she glanced at Gloria malevolently. "If—if he had a daughter. An' yer perfectin' the man you love!" she mocked. "We'll see how the boss' daughter loves."

Her laughter was terrible. The men could not think her the same woman they knew. Gloria started in alarm. She felt the woman was mad, and did not know what she might do.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Now Ella was sneering at her. She knew how to choose knife-blades for words. In everything she said was the cunning and the cruelty of a lost woman. Gloria was suffering, she could see, but there was still another chord which would vibrate to misery. Since time began jealousy has been a flaming sword in the hands of an unscrupulous antagonist who knows how to use it. To make Gloria think that she was defending a man untrue to her, was something. To make her believe that she had been defeated by the greater charm of Little Ella herself, was far more.

"Do you think I'd let you go hid that man if he'd loved you? Never. I do. He come to see me. He loves me."

She beat her breasts as she spoke to emphasize her words and her eyes sparkled with the challenge she had just hurled at the daughter of the boss. Gradually, bit by bit, the veneer of civilization had been chipped away. Gloria no longer saw the girl that separated them. She saw only that other woman who was trying to make her think she had been robbed of her own. Her weakness left her. Now when she summoned all her strength, she joyed to find it did not fail. As Little Ella proclaimed that the man they were hiding had come to see her, Gloria sprang to the side of the bed, and cried with the indignation of an overwrought soul:

"You lie!"

"That's what you say, but down in your heart you know it's the truth. It ain't the first time he's been here. Oh, he's told about you, the boss' daughter, but it's me he loves."

The men were forgotten in this duel so elemental that it could have had the stone age for its setting. On one side, hate as bitter as the grave; on the other, love and faith stronger than death itself.

"Every word you utter is a lie," Gloria blazed. "If you loved him, you wouldn't have called those outbursts."

"Why don't you tell 'em yer the boss' daughter now?" taunted the other.

"Look here, Ella," Ryan broke in, "we're tired of standin' here like fools. Quit yer gassin' an' make good."

"You'll sit yours all right. She's not Dave Kerr's daughter. Don't you let her bluff you. I know where she hid him. I'll tell you where he is."

Gloria turned upon the men.

"I've told you the truth, and I've warned you. Don't you come a step closer." Then she threatened the woman. "If you dare to speak a—"

Little Ella was not to be intimidated. "When she dragged him in," she began, "she locked the door, an' then she—"

Gloria was standing at no great distance from the bed when Little Ella began her betrayal of Wright's hiding place. As she realized that in all instant a secret would be out, her

himself, never dreaming that his own daughter would be caught in it. When the light on the Interurban Railway had first started, at command of the boss, Jack Durken, a ward heeler, apparently had gone over to the enemy.

The man had found employment in the circulation department of the News, and soon afterward the information reached Wright that one of his own employees was a former henchman of the notorious first ward leader, Mike Noonan. Durken had found in him denunciations of David Kerr and his followers, and appeared willing to betray whatever he knew of the methods of the gang.

The editor found him a fountain of information regarding the shady politics of Belmont. In reality Durken told only what David Kerr ordered him to tell. Wishing to establish Wright's confidence in the man, Kerr had him disclose many things of slight importance that were absolutely authentic.

One of the Durken's continuous eyes dilated with her look of hate. Then they narrowed to cruel slits, while a tremor ran through her body. One who knew the girl would scarcely have recognized her. Like some little creature of the jungle waiting for its kill, she seemed to crouch for the spring. Just as the woman was about

to utter the words which would reveal where the newspaper man was concealed, Gloria was upon her. She seemed with one bound to have leapt the space that separated them.

"You Jezebel!" she raged, and struck her fair upon the mouth.

Ryan and Kelly did not stir. The unexpected had happened, and they were spellbound.

Gloria's breath rushed through her teeth with a horrid, hissing sound, her face was flushed, her hair tousled, and her waist in disarray. Yet she heeded nothing but the wild impulse to defend her own.

Little Ella, her scant strength all spent, gasped out that she would tell nothing. Gloria was beside herself and the promise meant nothing to her. With a man's strength she lifted the woman up, held her there an instant, and then hurled her back upon the bed. Her head fell over the side, and she lay as one dead.

Her rage was still hot upon her as she turned to confront the two men.

"As for you, get out!" Ryan made one last half-hearted stand.

"Say, the boss hates that man. Are you really Dave Kerr's daughter?"

"And you want to ask such a question!" she stormed. "Ask Mike Noonan if you will, but beware of David Kerr! If ever you have cause to fear him, you have it now. My anger is his anger, and don't you dare defy the daughter of David Kerr!"

She took a step forward menacingly, as if she had strength to inflict the same chastisement they had seen administered to the woman. They did not stay to argue with her. Leaving Little Ella to her fate, they made a hasty retreat.

No sooner were they out of the room than Gloria put into execution what she had designed when they departed the first time. Rushing to the door she closed it hastily and pushed the washstand in front of it, wedging it under the knob. This done, she ran back and dragged Wright from his hiding place. There was no thought of the woman whose head hung over the side of the bed in such ghastly fashion.

Gloria lifted his head and dashed water upon his face. She watched him closely, and as she saw that it had no effect upon him, a sudden fear seized her and her cheeks were blanched. With trembling fingers she tore at his shirt and felt for the beat of his heart. She could feel its faint pulsation. He lived.

With a wild cry she flung herself forward in a deep swoon upon the body of the unconscious man.

CHAPTER XXI.

The one person who could have told how Joe Wright had come to visit Mike Noonan's lodging house was David Kerr. He had sprung the trap brought against the machine was that it was colonizing floaters in lodging houses. The drunken, thickly-populated river wards. Durken even admitted it when Wright asked about it, and several days later suggested a tour of inspection. The blood of the etar reporter warmed in the editor's veins. The idea was tantalizing. It was one of those stories a good man would sacrifice half a year's salary to handle.

Without saying anything to anyone, the owner of the News thought of the expedition for several days. The more he thought of it, the more it appealed to him. The more it appealed to him the less was the likelihood of his considering the axiom that in battle it is a general's duty not to get hurt. In fact, the thought of physical injury did not occur to him. He was a stranger to Belmont, no one knew him, and in the daytime there was no danger.

When Wright finally decided to investigate personally it was only a few days before the election. He determined that he would wander down into the first ward two days before the votes were cast to gather material for his story. The next afternoon, just on the eve of the election, his

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Have Long Mined for Rubies.
The world's richest ruby mines, in Upper Burma, are known to have been operated since early in the seventeenth century.

MAN PROVES HIS SUPREMACY.
Aviators Outstrip the Swiftest Birds in Their Marvelous Flight Through the Air.

Nature has long put the air first in the speed of living creatures. Next to the birds came the land animals. The fishes trailed behind.

It has come to that already with man's speed records. Tuesday a French aviator named Gulluax drove a flying machine 118 miles in an hour, from Savigny-sur-Brave to Paris, and thereby beat the best record ever made by an automobile in this country or Europe by over six miles. No railroad train ever came anywhere near the sustained speed of the "bird man," who averaged almost two miles a minute for 60 minutes.

The fastest racing boats, it is needless to say, are far behind the record of the automobiles and the railroad trains. Their feats are wonderful, in view of the conditions they have to contend against, but their limit, so far as distance, however short.

So the air becomes the field for man's swiftest travel. Flight leads in human devices for fast movement from place to place, just as it does with the birds, the beasts and the fishes. But it is still an open question whether or not the record flight of

final attack on the machine would be an expose of ring methods of handling vagabond voters imported for the occasion.

This programme was being carried out as originally planned, notwithstanding the break with Gloria the previous day, when Wright decided to go through Noonan's "hotel." Here, deserted by Durken, who had been his guide, he had fallen into the hands of Turkey Ryan and Buck Kelly.

Although dazed by the unexpectedness of the attack, he had nevertheless managed to give a good account of himself. The cramped attic quarters in which they had fought had been in his favor. The two bruisers had been surprised by what a scientific boxer could do in a rough-and-tumble fight. To the momentary indecision resulting from his good defense Wright owed his escape from the room in which he had been trapped.

A stinging blow having taken all the fight out of Kelly, he lurched and fell forward against the door just as the newspaper man had managed to elude his assailants for the instant and slip out of the room. Forced to minister to his companion, Turkey Ryan had lost many valuable seconds before he could take up the pursuit. It was during this respite that Wright, groping blindly for the stair, had tripped and fallen, to be found unconscious by Gloria in front of Little Ella's door.

No one ever knew exactly what had taken place in Noonan's lodging house that afternoon in early spring. Returning from the mission with Dr. Norton, Mrs. Hayes was surprised to find the door of the wilderness woman's room fastened from within. When no response greeted her knock, surprise gave way to alarm, and she called upon Dr. Norton to aid her in opening the door. Gloria had not fastened it as securely as she had thought, and it required no great strength on the part of the physician to force it open.

Gloria was removed to Mrs. Hayes' home in a carriage as soon as she was revived. Little Ella, in a semi-conscious, delirious state, was hurried to the city hospital in a police ambulance. An examination having shown that Wright had sustained no serious injury, as soon as he regained consciousness he was taken to his own apartment.

David Kerr was not allowed to see his daughter. Although the exact nature of the shock to which she had been subjected was not known, she was both Kelly and Ryan had disappeared, yet the physicians did not think it best to see even her father. The following day she remained in bed, speaking never a word, busy with her own thoughts. The next day, that of the election, she dressed, but did not leave her room.

When it was seen that Gloria was under the cloud of a settled melancholy, there was debate how best to minister to her. Her very silence made the problem more perplexing. She uttered never a word by which they might pluck out the heart of the mystery. Strange as it may seem, she did not even ask about Joe Wright. She did, however, read the morning and afternoon papers carefully. In neither was there any reference to an attack on the editor. As her mind beat upon the bars of its new iron cage, it sufficed her to know that all must be well with him.

Joe Wright's injuries were not of a serious nature, yet it was thought best that he remain at home for several days. By means of the telephone and through the men who came to the house he edited the News the day previous to election. Over the same telephone line came the cheering news the next night that the dominant party had been defeated. David Kerr's rule had been broken.

Snail's Real Pace.
"At a snail's pace" is a common expression and usually signifies very slow gait, but what do you suppose is the actual speed by a snail in traveling?

We can give it to you in accurate figures.

One foot in four minutes, or at the rate of one mile in 16 days, if traveling continuously.

These are figures given by George Zahntzer, a civil engineer of this city, taken from actual observation.

A short time since Mr. Zahntzer was standing along the Western New York & Pennsylvania railroad waiting for a train. He had nothing in particular to do and "killed a little time" by timing a snail which was creeping along the ground.

That snail traveled just exactly one foot in four minutes. Mr. Zahntzer says, and computing distance at the rate of travel shown Mr. Zahntzer has figured out that it would require 16 days for that snail to move a mile.

Jarred the Old Boy.
"Glady's said something to me the other night that smacked of innuendo," remarked Ferdie to Algy.

"What was it, dear boy?"

"Advised me not to stand under the mistletoe. Said one of the berries might fall and fracture my skull. I call that unkind; eh, what?"

Everything.
"How's everything in your house?" asked Smith.

"Oh," replied Brown, "she's all right."

Of spring metal and wire is a new device to encircle a person's feet and prevent the loss of an overshoe.

ANOTHER COFFEE WRECK.
What's the Use When There's an Easy Way Out?

Along with the coffee habit has grown the prevalent "American Disease"—nervous prostration.

The following letter shows the way out of the trouble:

"Five years ago I was a great coffee drinker and from its use I became so nervous I could scarcely sleep at all nights. My condition grew worse and worse until finally the physician I consulted declared my troubles were due to coffee.

"But being so wedded to the beverage I did not see how I could do without it, especially at breakfast, as that meal seemed incomplete without coffee."

On a visit, my friends deprived me of coffee to prove that it was harmful. At the end about eight days I was less nervous, but the craving for coffee was intense, so I went back to the old habit as soon as I got home and the old sleepless nights came near making a wreck of me.

"I heard of Postum and decided to try it. I did not like it at first, because, as I afterwards discovered, it was not made properly. I found, however, that when made after directions on the package, it was delicious.

"It had a soothing effect on my nerves, and none of the bad effects that coffee had, so I bade farewell to coffee and have used only Postum since. The most wonderful account of the benefit to be derived from Postum could not exceed my own experience."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of "The Road to Wellville."

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds. There's a Reason for Postum.

Several Other Things.
Worry is not the only thing that causes breakdowns. The nervousness due to the noises in our streets, the rush to get on and off cars, dashing and harsh lights, the bewildering whirl of amusements, all tend to shake the nerves and cause what we call a nervous breakdown.

No Rest—No Peace

There's no rest and but little peace for a person whose kidneys are out of order.

Lame in the morning, suffering cricks in the back and sharp stabs of pain with every sudden strain, the day is just one round of pain and trouble.

It would be strange if all-day backache did not wear on the temper, but it is not only on that account that people who suffer with weak kidneys are nervous, cross and irritable.

Uric acid is poison to the nerves, and when the kidneys are not working well, this acid collects in the blood and works upon the nerves, causing headache, dizziness, languor, an inclination to worry over trifles, and a suspicious, short temper.

Rheumatic pain, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis and gravel are further steps in uric acid poisoning.

Don't neglect kidney weakness. An aching back, with unnatural passages for the kidney secretions, is cause enough to suspect the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a remedy which has been used for years, the world



over, for weak kidneys, backache, irregular kidney action, uric acid trouble. Thousands of grateful recommendations throughout the country prove their worth.

WOULD ALMOST FAINT

Cured After Doctors Failed

Mrs. Henry Zumach, Hutchinson, Minn., says: "Last winter a terrible, sharp pain caught me in my back and from that time on I had a constant backache. If I used a broom, it just seemed as if my back was breaking. I was in misery day and night and at times got so dizzy I thought I was going to faint. At night I had to put a pillow under my back for the night rest that this gave me. I got so weak I couldn't do anything. The doctor said I had a floating kidney and two specialists in Minneapolis said the same. The physicians' medicine didn't help me a bit and reading about Doan's Kidney Pills, I had someone get me a box. As soon as I began using them, I got better and by the time I had finished the third box, I didn't have a bit of pain. I can now do any kind of work without suffering and all the symptoms of kidney complaint have left me. Doan's Kidney Pills have certainly spared me a great deal of misery and suffering. I am only too glad to recommend them to other kidney sufferers."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors.

HAD NO RIGHT TO BE OUT

Little Jasper Indignant Because His Product Seemingly Had Disobeyed His Orders.

Little Jasper Stenter learned from the minister's sermon one Sunday that man was made of clay, so after returning from church he resolved to make him a man after his own fashion. The work proceeded in the clay bank back of the garden until his mother called Jasper to luncheon. He had completed all of the man save one leg.

That afternoon Jasper and his mother, while walking along the street, met a man with one leg, walking with crutches. Jasper accosted him and grabbed his coat.

"See here!" he said. "I thought I told you to stay there in the yard till I put that other leg on you!"—Judge.

Be sure that you ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and look for the signature of Van Wright on wrapper and box. For Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. Adv.

Shipping Fever.
Indigestion, pain, dizziness, depression, and all sorts of nervous diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "poisoned" kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISINFECTANT. It is a powerful germicide, kills all germs, and is guaranteed to do so. Best thing for broad maws. Acts on the blood. See and it's a bottle. Ask for SPOHN'S LIQUID DISINFECTANT. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Overpayment.
A certain statesman, condemning the international marriage that is based on mercenary and sordid grounds, said in Washington:

"Another pretty American countess—she inherited eight millions from her father's wholesale hardware plant—has found marriage a disappointment."

"Her dyed and cornstarched old husband said bitterly to her one day:

"Ours was a business marriage. You bought my title with your millions, as you'd buy a yard of cloth in a shop."

"Yes," blazed the young countess, "yes—but I ought to have got some change!"

ECZEMA ON ENTIRE SCALP

R. F. D. No. 3, Sunfield, Mich.—"I was troubled with eczema. It began with a sore on the top of the scalp, broke out as a pimple and grew larger until it was a large red spot with a crust or scab over it. This became larger finally covering the entire scalp and spread to different parts of the body, the limbs and back and in the ears. These sores grew larger gradually until some were as large as a quarter of a dollar. They would itch and it scratched they would bleed and smart. The clothing would irritate them at night when it was being removed causing them to itch and smart so I could not sleep. A watery fluid would run from them. My scalp became covered with a scale and when the hair was raised up it would raise this scale; the hair was coming out terribly."

"I treated about six months and got no relief and after using Cuticura Soap and Ointment with two applications we could notice a great difference. It began to get better right away. In a month's time I was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha Underwood, Jan. 3, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

As He Understood It.
A maiden lady, Miss Cocker by name, and her niece, who bears the same cognomen, went one evening to a reception at the house of a friend.

"What name, please?" inquired the footman.

"Miss Cocker," answered the elder lady.

"Miss Cocker, too," joined the niece, hurriedly.

Whereupon the man of plush and buttons opened the drawing room door and, with all the dignity of his profession, ushered them into the midst of the company with the convulsing announcement:

"Miss Cocker and Miss Cockatoo!"

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 25 years. They are so pleasant to take, children like them. *The never fail.* At all Druggists, etc. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Ltd., Box 9, N. Y. Adv.

Savior Fair.
Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robbins has no partner for this waltz. Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me?

The Man—On the contrary, I shall be delighted.—Boston Transcript.

Only One "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE. Look for the signature of W. W. GROVER. Cures Cold in one day, Cures Grip in Two days. 25c.

What It Means.
Hip—What does it mean to say that a girl is as pretty as a picture?

Hop—Merely a frame of mind—Michigan Gargoyle.

Dr. Merce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Making Conversation.
Smith (on steamer in midocean)—Going across, old chap?